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THE BATES STUDENT.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1897.

Class Ode ('97)		:													131
Melancholy in the	Worl	ks of	Geor	ge l	Eliot	and	Haw	thor	ne (V	aled	ictor	y).			131
Armenia (Class-Da;	y Poo	em).													133
On Life (Class-Day	Orat	ion).													135
Class Ode ('98)															137
Obligations of Our	Edu	cated	Mer	(Iv	y-Da	y Or	ration	1).							137
Ivy Ode				1.											139
An Ivy-Day Sermo	n.														140
EDITORIAL															143
COLLEGE NEWS AN	ID IN	TERE	ESTS.												145
ALUMNI DEPARTM	ENT.														152

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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXV.

JUNE, 1897.

No. 6.

CLASS ODE.

By MABEL C. ANDREWS, '97.

Come we to-day with songs of glad rejoicing Our faith to pledge, our vows of love repeat, While open swings for us Life's shining portal, And paths unknown wait now our eager feet.

We lift our eyes up to the hills celestial,
Where Heaven's sunlight rests in peaceful
calm;

Round us below Earth's shadows lie forbidding, Down from the heights float strains of holy psalm.

Beckon us upward, crested peaks of glory; Let thy fair light our holy angel be; Guarding our hearts from earthly sin and sorrow,

Pointing above to truth and purity.

Yet still we linger ere we pass the portal, Clasp closer yet the ties that bind us here; Turn we to thee, oh, shelt'ring Alma Mater, Wait for thy blessing, for thy word of cheer.

May we be purer, may our lives be nobler For days which we have here together spent, May the glad harmony of Life be sweeter For strains of music which our lives have lent.

MELANCHOLY IN THE WORKS OF GEORGE ELIOT AND HAWTHORNE.

VALEDICTORY.

BY EMMA V. CHASE, '97.

who most resemble each other in their power to reveal the secrets of the human heart, are both characterized by a somberness of tone which pervades all their works. Yet this subtle melancholy, so elusive when we try to grasp it, is different in the two. Haw-

thorne's is like the pensiveness of twilight, a sadness so intertwined with grace and beauty, and faint gleams of sunshine, that we smile through our tears. George Eliot's is the deep gloom of an aching conscience, or the cold melancholy of despair.

George Eliot is pre-eminently a moralist. It is her one aim to show us truly the change in the souls of men caused by temptation and human frailty. She uses her every power, she lavishes all her art on this one purpose. And so well does she succeed that never for one instant, while we read her books, can we forget the heart tragedy she is presenting. At the gay party, in the freshness of the morning, it is there, as a shadow, turning the gayety into bitterness and the beauty into mockery. Do you remember that even the lovely gift Tito gives Romola on their betrothal day is somehow linked with his falsehood? Then George Eliot is so true to life in her description of the world and in her revelation of human nature, that her truths come home with an awful force. In the irresolute, approbation-loving Arthur Donnithorne, in the pleasure-seeking, self-indulgent Tito, perchance we find some secret trait of our own natures revealed to us in all its enormity. Then our heart burns and our conscience stings, even

as if it were no tale, but our own life story.

The gloom in the works of George Eliot has well been called the "Supreme Melancholy." For the world of her tales is a Godless world. No Divine hand is shaping the destinies of man. The only reward to the pure soul who has triumphed over the forces of evil, is the cold hope that his life may lighten the suffering of mortals, and that his influence may live after him. She leaves no room for the perfection of the individual. Her noble characters in the end either sink to the commonplace, like the high-minded, generous-hearted Dorothea, or lose their personality in the general good. The final Romola is not the proud, yet dutiful, confiding daughter of the blind scholar; she is a new being, a benignant spirit ministering to the sorrows of the world, grand, but only with the lifeless grandeur of the chiseled marble. Yet she is the embodiment of what George Eliot looked to as the richest hope for man, expressed in her familiar sonnet:

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

Hawthorne, on the other hand, is the poet moralist. And just as a musician shudders at the slightest discord, just as his own Artist of the Beautiful shrinks from the harsh, unimaginative world, so Hawthorne recoils at the lack of moral harmony. His fine artistic perception teaches him what is noble in the human heart. And with the pain that only the artist soul can know, he shudders over the

sorrow and sin so closely intertwined with virtue in this world. It is the reflection of this pain that lends a sad-Yet it cannot ness to his stories. give them bitterness. For his nature demands artistic beauty, and, perhaps, with the feeling embodied in Greek art, that perfect beauty excludes suffering. Even in his tales that deal so largely with sin, he shows such fine delicacy, such masterly skill, that he takes away the deep sting, leaving only this subdued melancholy. Many are his devices. He places his scenes outside of our every-day world, in early New England or among the classic ruins of Rome. And he introduces strange fancies, like the woodland faun, mysterious suggestions, which lead us into a world of the Then, frequently, the imagination. characters that are most closely connected with some great sin, have such fine natural traits, so much good mixed with the evil, that they do not seem a part of the sordid, wicked world. We must admire the warm heart of Miriam, the queenliness of Hester, and the delicate sensitiveness of Arthur Dimmesdale. And sometimes we can almost forget this gloom produced by sin. As we gaze at the Great Stone Face, as we sport with the little Snow Image, as we watch the fair Hilda feeding the doves from her lofty tower, our hearts overflow with innocent joy.

Nor is Hawthorne's sadness a hopeless gloom. He leads us to trust in a Divine care, and, as if questioning why a good God should permit the discords of sin here, he writes "The Marble Faun" to teach that, could we see the

Creator's entire plan, we should find no discord, but one perfect harmony.

Even as is true of every thoughtful writer, these two do but reflect themselves in their works. George Eliot, with no belief in a Divine Providence, trusting herself for her moral code, has broken a great social law. The heartache in her stories is but the stinging remorse of her own conscience, unrelieved by the benediction of forgiven sin. And Nathaniel Hawthorne reveals in his tales the sadness of his own poet's soul over the discords of sin in the world, a sadness tempered by his trust in God and his hope for the hereafter:

"On the earth the broken arcs, in the heaven a perfect round."

ARMENIA.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

BY SUSAN MERRILL, '97.

I.

From the heights where the garden of Eden First smiled to the eyes of God,
With its lakes of glittering silver
And its rivers full and broad,
The dark-eyed sons of Japheth
Swept down, with camel-train,
To aid their kinsmen in building
A tower on Shinar's plain.

They would build a tower so mighty That its top should pierce the sky, So large it could compass an army, So firm it should stand for aye; And, of all the tribes of Noah Were none so true of hand, So skilled in the art of building As the sons of Japheth's band.

So they joined in building the tower, And the work rose ever higher, Till its massive walls looked slender As a far cathedral spire, When Belus, a warlike giant Born of accursed blood, Presumptuous spake to the workmen Who, silent, before him stood. "Belus is master.
Workmen, toil faster,
Swift raise the tower.
He shall direct it,
He shall protect it,
Belus has power.

Mighty is Belus,
Haughty and jealous,
He rules the tower.
Build, he commands it,
Build, none withstands it,
None breaks his power.

Were't not his pleasure,
Who would dare measure
Stones for this tower?
Belus is master,
Workmen, toil faster,
Belus has power."

Silent, but stern, the people
Listened to Belus's word.
Silent, but inly raging,
His empty boast they heard,
Till Haig, the noble ruler
Of Japheth's realm and band,
Stepped forth and commanded audience
By gesture of the hand.

"We, who are sons of Japheth, hither came To build this tower with kinsmen brave and true.

Our work is firm and sure, we have no shame, Nor bear reproach, as slaves and servants do; And, if the vaunted power indeed is thine, As thou wouldst fain persuade us, build alone Thy wondrous tower. No hand of Japheth's

Shall place on yonder walls another stone."

Thus spake the patriarch Haig,
And called his tribe away,
And, back from the plains of Shinar
They went, at dawn of day;
Back to the fertile highlands
Where, outlined against the skies,—
The wanderer's guide—the cloven peaks
Of snow-crowned Ararat rise.

But Belus directed the tower,
And ever higher it grew,
Till the Lord of Heaven came down to see
What his creatures strove to do;
And, at His command, confusion
Fell on the tongues of men,
And the tower was left, unfinished,
On Shinar's lonely plain.

Then Belus was full of anger,
And envy consumed his soul,
And he thought to wreak his vengeance
On those who had spurned control;
So he gathered a terrible army
And marched against Haig's land,
Eager to dip in Haig's blood
His own unconquered hand.

He marched in the early morning
And he marched through the gloomy dark,
Till he met with Haig's army
Near the happy village of Hark;
And the little children were sobbing,
And the mothers trembling stood.
They had heard of the fame of Belus,
The giant of accursed blood.

But Haig gathered his warriors
And spake to them, general-wise,
And, trusting their cause to Jehovah,
They looked their foe in the eyes.
There was sound of shout and trumpet,
There was clatter of spear and shield,
And a battle-cry that thrilled the sky
As they met on that bloody field.

But the Lord God fought for Haig, And strengthened him for the fray When the haughty Belus fronted him In savage wrath, to slay. And his eye was quick and trusty, And his hand was strong and true, And, with heart made bold by battle, The boastful chief he slew.

Then the sons of Ham were scattered,
And Haig's men drew near
And took from the fallen giant
His mighty shield and spear;
And they buried the slain of the army,
Each warrior where he sank,
And called the place, from its many graves,
By the name of Keresmank.

11.

The chamber of the king was thrown
Wide open to the sinking sun,
Whose beams had tinged, with roseate light,
The village tents of stainless white.
The king, reclining on his bed,
With painful effort raised his head,
And beckoned to his side
His first-born son and princely heir,
With strength to do and will to dare,
The nation's hope and pride.

The noble youth bent low his head, And Haig's trembling hands were laid In blessing on his first-born's brow;

"My son," he said,-his voice was low-

- "God give thee strength of heart and hand To govern this, thy fathers' land. God grant thy people shall be true, Thy blessings great, thy troubles few; Yea, thou shalt win in every strife, For God hath ordered so thy life. Thy name shall be, from age to age, This people's priceless heritage. And they shall be"—with sudden gain Of strength, or slipping off of pain, He raised himself, his feeble tone Grew loud as silver clarion—
- "And they shall be a nation, strong
 In warfare, free from greed and wrong,
 Rich in the wealth of lands and gold,
 In statesmanship and learning, bold;
 Brave, strong, heroic, they shall stand
 The peer of any neighbor land
 Till that dark day."—His dying eyes
 Pierced through the veil of centuries,
 And there beheld a sight so dread
 He fell back, writhing, on his bed.
 But Armen soothed his dying sire,
 And plead to know the vision dire,
 And sought his country's fate to learn:
 A thousand fears within him burn.
- "Oh, tell me, Father, what thou seest?"
- "I saw a loathsome, hornèd beast
 That did devour the people all,
 The rich and poor, the great and small;
 Destruction was his watchword, death
 The mildest portion of his wrath:
 Before him spread a wild despair,
 Behind him all was desert, bare
 Save where 'twas strewn with bones and
 blood,
- "O heaven, be merciful! O God—"
 With that wild cry the king fell dead.
 Prince Armen laid him on his bed.
 With reverent step he left the room,
 And twilight wrapped its somber gloom
 Around the village; while with tears
 And agony of unknown fears,
 Prince Armen knelt before his God
 And wrestled for his country's blood.

But, ask ye what the vision meant, The brave Armenian, worn and spent, Makes answer: "Even as 'twas foretold Our story runs; in lands and gold,

In learning and in statesmanship, With scarce a backward turn or slip, We steadily advanced until The Emperor Constantine, His selfish purpose to fulfill, Joined with the Saracen To wring, from our too prosperous land, Gold, for his palaces so grand; Gold, for debaucheries and pride: Gold, for his favorites and his bride: Gold, for his pleasures-all our store Of hard-got wealth was ours no more; And when our helpless land was left Of all defense and means bereft, The Moslem, breathing fire and blood, Poured over us, a cruel flood.

This was our last and greatest woe, No other pestilence or foe But sometime passed from us away, No other torture came to stay, But this—whatever else betides The hated Moslem still abides.

III.

The land of Haig and his princely son— His first-born, Armen—prostrate lies to-day, Bereaved and tortured, naked, starved, undone,

To growing horrors, nameless ills, a prey. Her hunted children vainly, vainly cry For freedom from oppression, death, and wrong—

The blood of martyred millions pleads on high,

"How long, O Lord, how long?"

The mightier nations seek but worldly gain, And crush their fallen neighbor, in their greed,

And they who swear protection, swear in vain,

And, with each promise, cause new wounds to bleed;

Though bound by reason, by belief, by blood, Unmoved, they hear their suffering sister's moan,

And, when her famished children cry for food,

Give them-not bread-but stone.

Alas, that, in a moment of such need, There should be lack of Christian chivalry! That our mean cowardice and wanton greed Should weakly let such barbarous practice be! Alas, that we should live to be a shame To Him who made us noble, strong, and free!

May God forgive us that we bear His name And make it mockery!

Arise, ye nations! cleanse your guilty hands, Go, raise your bruised sister from the dust, Defend her from the accursed robber bands, From fire and famine, massacre and lust! Put greed of power from your souls afar And show to all the waiting world around How precious human life and honor are On whatsoever ground!

And thou, Armenia, thou art now become, In very truth, a place of many graves! The horrors of thy wailing strike us dumb! Thy strength is broken, but thy spirit lives. Great is thy suffering, great be thy reward Won by the travail of the Crucified, And, in the eternal glory of thy Lord, Rest thou, well-satisfied.

ON LIFE.

CLASS-DAY ORATION. By J. A. Marr, '97.

AR back in the past, before the ice sheets had begun their journey, when the only records were those written beneath the sea, science tells us that the earth was peopled with other forms. Monster saurians wandered to and fro engaging in deadly struggle, all uncaring, all unconscious. Ages passed, and at last an eye looked out that saw and a mind that knew. The cosmic process had revealed itself. Out of chaos, man had finally appeared. He saw before him the daily conflicts of a writhing, struggling, surging mass, but gradually beneath it all he felt some purpose, he perceived some plan, and to him came the all-perplexing question, whither bound?

After the best thought of three thousand years, with all its attendant philos-

ophies and truths, the question still remains partly answered, partly unan-In its search after the swerable. infinite, the human mind has entered every avenue of knowledge. The heavens, the sea, the earth, have been explored, and if silence yet guards the absolute end, a direction, a process has been discovered, and the plan is always unfolding. Is perfection the final goal? But what is perfection, self-realization? The conscience, the me, the man, changes from age to age. Is it adaptation to environment? Environment may rise or fall. Is it absolute knowledge of all things? Then perfected man becomes a God. Less than that, he will still strive and delve and search after the yet unknown. From height to height each age advances, but the end seems ever receding.

Onward and forever on we sail life's seas, seeking some port always just beyond. Storms rise, the sky becomes overcast, but our ship is safe and seaworthy, at the helm is a sure hand. Still sail we will and must; but how? Is life all at the end, or partly in the passing? Upon this voyage what is the duty of man?

Where positive knowledge was wanting, the ancient based his philosophy largely upon the feelings. Though he thought and speculated, from his unaided eye the distant star withheld its true relations; the earth and sea their hidden secrets. Unacquainted with nature and her long processes, he wrapped himself in his ideals, frowned upon a degraded world, and left it to its own corroding care. The Indian sage looked out upon pleasant fields, his

fertile valleys stretched away along the distant mountains, for him the birds sang and the flowers bloomed, but in them he saw no light. He looked not here, but afar off for truth. He fixed upon the then and not the now. Misunderstanding or unconscious of his relations to things beneath, sympathy went out, and if he lived for kingdom, his life was dust.

Yet there must be ideals; the universe declares it, our nature demands it. They are the inspiration of all progress. When they are tempered with knowledge, the perception becomes clearer, the sympathies grow broader and deeper, the harmonies higher and grander; and if the day of perfect agreement between mind and soul shall arrive, there will rise up to the great Eternal one universal symphony for the peace within man surpassing in magnitude and grandeur the "broken music" of all the long, unfinished past.

But that noon-time has not arrived. It may be that some chords will be always to be found. Perhaps the sun may not reach the zenith, for then might come a setting.

But life lies not in dreaming; there is a work to be done. Is the race or the individual not what they ought to be, and will frowns mend matters? Is that a true philosophy which turns inactively and unsympathetically from the struggling present and looks with undivided eye to the future? If we are dissatisfied with this world where we have been placed to live and labor, and can enjoy not its beauties, shall we not, if the constant laws hold true, be dissatisfied in our next appointed place?

Within the rude hamlet the hearth is cold, the untaught mind sits brooding; search there, and you may find a grail.

What can we know? That some power reigns. There is a process at work before us that bears the unmistakable stamp of some infinite mind. If we may not know the final end, we can see the general movement and tendency of things. We may approximate what has been from what is; what will be from all that is gone Duty, however, lies not in circumscribing the processes of the universe, but rather in discovering those processes, and so far as we can, aiding them on. Life is not in the achievement, but in the ever achieving. Mark the direction, find your place and fall in, thunders the passing procession of humanity; other lights will appear along the way, and your place must be filled now, and only by you.

Labor on, lowly toiler, gathering the scattered sunbeams from day to day; if your lot be humble, your hope may be strong, and upon you the character of another generation depends.

Search on, unwearied seeker of the truth; if the higher doubts be yours, so is the higher being. You are tracing the thought that laid the foundations; in your further discoveries is the light of future and brighter civilizations.

With face still turned across the sea, we will yet work hopefully on, cherishing the good to be found along the way, striving faithfully to diminish the evil. In the next duty the clouds may break, and through the clearing rifts we may find ourselves standing in the splendor of the great eternal dawn.

CLASS ODE.

BY MABEL S. GARCELON, '98.

Our lives are God's looms, and each morning
He places within our hands
A shuttle, to use in the weaving
Which He alone understands.
Three years in the sunshine together
We've watched our patterns grow,
And through all the shining fabrics
Fair threads of Friendship glow.

And each, as he works at his weaving,
Will find his own life bright
With hues from his neighbors' patterns
Wrought out within his sight.
Yet, threading the roseate colors,
Dark lines of grief appear;
For two have completed their weaving,
Leaving sweet mem'ries here.

What years may bring forth in our patterns
We cannot see to-day,
For some with Fame's threads may be golden,
And some may be sober gray.
But whether the fabric be shadowed,
Or plain, or rich, or gay,
May none be ashamed of his weaving
When he lays it down for aye.

OBLIGATIONS OF OUR EDUCATED MEN.

IVY-DAY ORATION. F. U. LANDMAN, '98.

In a few days we shall celebrate the one hundred twenty-first anniversary of the birthday of our independence. The tongues of bells and the mouths of cannon will again hail the day of our country's liberty, while millions will assemble to hear orators and statesmen recount the blessings of a happy and free people. Rich and poor, high and low, will rejoice anew that they live in a country of such marvelous progress and so great opportunities.

The history of our past marks the stability of our Republic. Has there ever been an emergency that has not called forth talents equal to the diffi-

culty? We had an Adams to strike for freedom; a Jefferson to write the Declaration of Independence; a Washington to lead us to victory; a Hamilton-to establish a sound financial policy; a Webster to sound the key-note of constitutional liberty; a Sumner to teach the equality of all men; a Lincoln to emancipate the slaves; and a Grant to lead the conquering armies of the North.

But the marvelous growth of our country, its increasing complexity of government, with great political and social questions, constantly demand an increasingly wise and intelligent leadership. This great responsibility falls upon our educated men, men whose training has not only fitted them to meet the questions and difficulties of the day, but those who have learned to work for other than selfish motives. It is certain that the college men of this decade will shape the history of our country for the first quarter of the next century.

What, then, in particular are the obligations resting upon these trained men? To the home that reared them; to the schools that taught them; to the state that protects them; to the country that has given them liberty and equality, they owe their whole service, not a service of slavery but a service of privilege; and there is no higher duty in the home, state, nation, or Kingdom of Heaven than to serve.

Whether an educated man becomes a physician or lawyer, preacher or teacher, mayor of a city or police officer, governor of a state or representative to Washington, he must work unselfishly for the interests of mankind. If he is a physician, he must give his life for his patient, be he rich or poor; if he is a lawyer, he must plead for his client, but love justice more than victory; if he is a merchant, he must serve the public with a philanthropic interest; if he is a teacher, he must give inspiration and energy to his pupils; if he is a preacher, he must give his life for the world; if he is a politician, he must lead the state toward godliness. All this is imperative if the educated man meets his obligations.

In any one of these professions, the real man, the true man, the man of character, exerts an unmeasured influence. But no class of men can do more to determine the preservation of our free institutions than the teachers of the present day. Some one has well said that the school is the nursery of intelligent citizenship and the inspiring source of a sterling type of genuine patriotism.

There is an inspiration in hearing a German speak the name of his beloved fatherland. Let the students of our own schools learn to feel deeper patriotic pride as they sing:

"My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing."

A divine responsibility rests on the schools and colleges for the future of America. Merrill Gates says: "To teachers, co-operating with Christian homes and the church of the living God, is entrusted the preparation for noble, patriotic service of those who shall be the men of light and leading in the century so close at hand."

But the civil duties of educated men are no less imperative than the professional duties. The obligations that come with citizenship are paramount in the life of the state and nation. No man can forget that he is a citizen and do his duty.

Liberty is not a gift; it has to be won and preserved. Intelligence, mingled with public virtue, alone can maintain the stability of our American institutions. If our government is sometimes weak, it is not because we need more laws, but a better enforcement of those which we now have. Why do we have so much crime and debauchery in our cities? Is it not because we do not have capable officers? We need a greater number of educated citizens who have enough virtue and courage to enforce our laws, and ample officers to do their duty.

If there is anything we should be ashamed of in our governmental affairs, it is the political corruption of our time. Voters bought and sold; monopolies dictating legislation; bosses ruling the elections, and party strifes in Congress; party wrangles defeating the "Arbitration Treaty" and clogging the wheels of legislation. The responsibility rests on educated men. Let them accept it.

All political questions, such as capital and labor, tariff measures, taxation, the race question, immigration, must be dealt with wisely by educated men, or we shall lose our liberty. Go into the cemetery of the ages, and there read on the tombstones of the republics long since dead the cause of their downfall. Greece, the land of scholars,

conquered by her own corruptions; Rome, the ruler of the world, betrayed by Romans. Our Greece or our Rome will not fall and the educated power be guiltless.

We stand now awaiting the dawn of a new century. Look on the ocean shore of time and watch the life wrecks as the tide wafts them on the sand. See weeping fathers and broken-hearted mothers agonizing over the body of a drunkard son or a fallen daughter. See the orphaned children and widowed mothers searching in vain for the husband and father. See all the sad sights of vice and wickedness, and listen to the pitying cries and prayers. Look on these scenes, and tell me if the duty of man to man and brother to brother is fulfilled here in our loved country. Who but our broad-minded, large-hearted, educated men should lead in saving our young men from the snares and pitfalls of a dissolute life, and in making of them the men that our country will soon need to preserve her integrity?

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thy Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

IVY ODE.

Words by A. D. TRUE.

Music by M. E. STICKNEY.

To-day, with gladness and with songs Our loving tribute we bestow, As in the days when joyful throngs Placed laurel on the victor's brow. Here freely gracious Wisdom yields The spoil of all earth's battle fields. The fleeting years since first we met, Each with its time of work and play, Like golden rings with jewels set Are treasures, counted o'er each day; For we, where'er our lot is cast, May live again, in thought, the past.

May shower and sunshine nurture well This ivy, planted by our hands. Long may its beauteous foliage tell The wondrous power of friendship's bands. Here let the storm king stay his might, Nor e'er destroy its verdure bright.

Cling, tender ivy, to these walls: Inclose them in thy soft embrace, As we shall guard in Memory's halls Each hallowed spot, each kindly face. Though we as classmates soon shall part, With tendrils strong bind thou each heart.

AN IVY-DAY SERMON.

By Sadie M. Brackett, '98. One Sabbath, in search of a sermon, Since none could be had in town, I wandered far up a hill-side And silently sat me down.

Guarding the little valley
Were mountains, blue and grand;
Below, a rocky river,
Farm-houses, and meadow-land.

The buzz of insects 'mid clover, And incense from strawberries red, Sent a drowsiness stealing o'er me, Till I slowly dropped my head.

Breathing a prayer that Dame Nature Might preach me a sermon that day, I closed my eyes in the sunshine, And asleep on the hill-side lay.

Then Mother Earth gently rocked me And whispered soft in my ear From a text in twelfth chapter of Romans A sermon, simple and clear.

- "Child of mortals, weary human, Safe your head upon my breast. Would that others oftener lingered, Sought my arms for peace and rest.
- "Strange, men scorn my soft entreaties!
 Rush and bustle up and down,
 Burdened with a load of duties,
 Longing ever for renown.
- "Writing, fighting, love-vows plighting, Setting all the same swift pace,

Struggling, straining, true hearts paining, For the highest world-born place.

- "Even to the realms of Nature Came this madness, passion-fraught. Once my children strove together, As by mortals they were taught.
- "I was startled one fair summer By a million-voiced throng, All my lovely flower children Clamored loudly, clamored long.
- "They would know which one was fairest, Which was first, which best of all. Some among the many voices Now distinctly I recall.
- "First the Goldenrod spoke boldly, Proudly raised his showy head; While the others, though impatient, Listened to the words he said.
- "'I am the kingly Goldenrod,
 I rise from out the ugly sod
 And grace the land
 With lavish hand,
 As becomes the child of the sun-god.
- "'I smile on men and win their praise,
 They make of me quite a popular craze,
 And seek my place,
 And paint my face—
 As becomes the child of the sun-god.
- "'I bloom from your hand in the North and the South,

 Whether there's rain or whether there's drouth.

 Then choose me now,
 In faith I vow
 'Tis due the child of the sun-god.'
- "Chose the Lilies white a spokesman And in accents pure and clear, Laden with their many odors, Sweet their song fell on my ear.
- "'Hear! the Lilies, Water Lilies,
 Lilies fair to see,
 Strands of gold
 In waxen mold
 Scent the air for thee,
 Floating merrily, smiling cheerily,
 Dancing in our glee.
- "'List! the Lilies, Valley Lilies,
 Lilies shy to see.
 Hearts so pure,
 Bells demure,
 Fragrance shed so free.

Nodding airily, tinkling fairily, Dear are we to thee.

"' Hark! the Lilies, Easter Lilies, Lilies pure to see,

Holy grace

In each face,

Of Christ's own heart the key.

Altars decked with us, fair rooms flecked with us.

Are we not dear to thee?

"' Hear the Lilies, Calla Lilies,

Lilies sad to see,

With our breath

Adorn we death,

Hear our solemn plea.

Hearts are moved by us, sorrows soothed by us,

Seem we not best to thee?'

"Softly came the shy wood Violets, With their love and modest worth,

Sang of sheltered nooks in forests, Fairy spots that gave them birth.

"But I scarcely heard their pleading; For the Buttercups, more gay, And the sunshine-hearted Daisies Sang together a merry lay.

> "'Daisies and Buttercups, Ha ha ha, ha! We are a jolly twain, That's what we are. Laughing, we toss our heads All the long day, Wind blown on meadows or Dusty highway. Babies reach dimpled arms, Think we are stars, Gleefully bear us to Happy mammas. Hot little chubby hands Gladly we press, Proud to be honored by Baby's caress. Maidens with saucy smile Buttercups try, Whether they butter like Thus to descry. Others with pensive brow Seek whom to wed, Counting the daisy crown Ruthlessly shed. We are beloved of all, Everywhere found,

Are we not first of thy

Children around?

Daisies and Buttercups, Ha ha ha, ha! Choose then thy jolly twain, Tra la la, la!'

- "Gravely next the Berries questioned
 If the place was not their due,
 Since their work was far more useful
 Than the work that others do.
 - "'Mother Nature! Mother Nature! Hear thy Berries now, we pray. We have served you many seasons In an honest, useful way.
 - ""Surely, those who have but perfumes, Showy colors, grace, or mirth, Are not equal to the flowers Giving to thy Berries birth.
 - "' We produce by faithful labor
 Fruit quite worthy of thy name.
 Are not we thy noblest children?
 Do not we deserve this fame?'
- "Many, many other voices
 Sought the highest place to win;
 But I wearied of their boasting
 And the strange, untimely din.
- "So I called the twining Ivy, Child of romance and of song. I will tell you of her story, 'Tis not burdensome nor long.
- "Ere the centuries were counted And men knew the march of time, Many gods in varied guises Dwelt with all the human line.
- "Bacchus, sportful, wooed a maiden Fair as sea-nymph, fair and pure; But with all his merry fancies He could not the maid allure:
- "For a mortal lover wooed her, Proudly claimed her for his bride, Brave he was, a mighty warrior, And his suit was not denied.
- "Zeus, in awful wrath and fury That a mortal e'en should dare This, a god, to seek to rival And himself with gods compare,
- "Sent with dark and fearful menace Through the heavens storm on storm, Hurled fierce thunderbolts, unerring, Smote the lover's youthful form.
- "Then upon the fallen warrior Granite boulders poured the god,

- Heaping rocks on rocks above him Till a vast pile hid the sod.
- "To this spot the maiden wandered Day by day with failing strength; And the grief and pain within her Wore her life away at length.
- "Sorrowing, her faithful people Laid her at the granite's base. Like the passing of a vision Was the smile upon her face.
- "Born from where her form lay buried Came a tender dark-green vine. Quick its tendrils sought the boulders, Twining them in graceful line.
- "And this seems the fair vine's mission, Barren spots to beautify, Hiding grim and moldy ruins Else unsightly to the eye.
- "Climbing miles on miles o'er ledges, Clinging oft to cloister walls, Grateful to the students' vision When it drapes the classic halls.
- "Thus of all my flower children
 This one vine has pleased me most,
 Through its modesty and virtue,—
 Ah! it needs no prouder boast.
- "So I called the twining Ivy, Seeming her restraint to chide, Questioning why she was silent. Meekly then the vine replied:
- ""And how should I presume to rival these, Thy fairer children?
 I have no flowers of varied hue
 To please the eye;
 Nor berries grateful to the human taste;
 Nor do sweet perfumes
 Breathe from out my twining branches.
 Yet hast thou been
 Ever most lenient and kind;
 And I would seek
 Some humble corner of thy realm,
 There to remain secure.
- "' Permit me in a lowly way
 To hide unsightly parts of thy domain;
 And still to dwell 'mid rocks,
 In places all unsuited to a race more frail.
 Here will I ever serve thee
 With a grateful heart,
 Happy to bear my part
 In thy great universe of beauty.'
- "But the clamor of the Roses
 Hushed the Ivy's low, sweet voice,

- And the Pinks and gay Nasturtiums, Hollyhocks, Verbenas choice,
- "All the honest tribe of Asters, Fringed Blue Gentian, Columbine, Dandelions straight and sturdy, Lousewort, Mint, and Eglantine,
- "Raised their voices loud in protest, Claimed first honors at my hand, Stirred the breezes with their uproar, Far and wide through all the land.
- "Some were angry, some complaining, All distressed and restless grew. That ambition leads to discord, Is a maxim sad and true.
- "Then I bade them all be silent,
 And in love and sorrow cried—
 That I might restrain their passions
 And reprove their eager pride—
- "'Oh, my foolish, wayward children,
 Why this painful, noisy strife?
 Are you weary of love's bondage,
 Would you change this calm, sweet life?
- "'Change for anxious care and sorrow All your glad, free-hearted days? Oh, my children, learn this lesson: Ways to fame are barren ways.
- "Let men strive for empty honors, Crushing one another down, There are aching hearts, and cold hearts, On the highway to renown.
- "'Those of you are dearest, fairest, Who their place most beautify By the constant, boundless giving Of what virtues in them lie.
- "'All of you are dear, my children, All of you are fair to see. Seek some other life to honor, Thus will you seem best to me.'"

A horn from a distant farm-house The spell of my dreaming broke, Amazedly,—dazedly,—stirring, My mind from its slumbers awoke.

I wandered a-down the hill-side In the heat of the noonday sun; Nor knew if my sermon was over, Or whether 'twas just begun.

'Twas thus St. Paul's words came o'er me, As they never had come before—

"In honor prefer one another," As Christ in the days of yore.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

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NOTHER college year has drawn to its close, and each class graduates into a larger life. The Freshmen expand into Sophomores; the Sophomores contract into Juniors; the Juniors evolve into Seniors; and the Seniors say good-bye to College and go out to the serious work of life, doubtless with good hopes and high ambitions.

We greet them all. To the newly enflated Sophomores we extend our heartiest congratulations; to the seriously contracted Juniors we offer our condolences. We of strange Senior dignity will try to uphold our position and enforce respect from all; while the sweet and noble graduates have the hearty good wishes of all the classes.

To graduate from college life and duties into the perhaps larger sphere of action outside, is the ambition of each during the four years of work. The world outside expects much from college men and women, while the graduate usually has beautiful visions and day-dreams of wonders to be accomplished. How few of these ever materialize into realities! So, lest the coming disappointment be too great,

we would extend most willingly a few words of good advice to the members of '97.

Don't attempt to turn the world upside down the first thing, but wait until you get the right kind of leverage that extends above the earth, and have established a fulcrum somewhere outside of self, and then, when you get in line with the eternal forces, bear on all the weight you have, and if you do not astonish the world by overturning something, you can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you made a good try.

However, you need not be discouraged at failure. Galileo did not revolutionize science until after he was dead; Jesus Christ failed to spiritualize more than a score of men during three years of severest labor, but that proved no measure of his after-success. Failure is part of the divine plan. With your four years of enlarged mental and spiritual training, go forth and stand for the very best and holiest ideals of which your nature is capable, and then be content with apparent failure, knowing well that your efforts shall add to the sum of human progress.

THE resumé of our achievements in athletics during the past term is by no means unfavorable. In baseball we were second to none of our rivals in the state league; in track athletics we won the second place, which is as much as can be reasonably hoped for with the present facilities for training; in tennis we divided the honor of second place with Colby. . In this department we were unfortunate in not having players of experience among the upper classmen. The fact, however, that lower classmen were forced into this work will make us stronger for the coming years.

A noticeable feature of our athletics this season is the large number of men engaged in some one of the out-door sports. If we are not burdened with a mistaken notion, the chief and sole aim of college athletics is not the production of a phenomenon in the person of a first baseman, a quarter-back, or a sprinter, nor the winning of notable victories in intercollegiate contest, nor yet that honor and glory which the college is supposed to gain from such victories, but one of the first objects to be sought is the benefit to be derived by the individual from a proper amount of out-door exercise.

MONG all the activities of college life, music has not been neglected this year at Bates. Never before was there so much musical talent among the students, and never before was it so well organized. The Glee Club, the Ladies' Glee Club, the College Quartette, the Orchestra, and the Band, are all in a flourishing condition; and their

numerous engagements in Lewiston and all over the state attest their popularity. The musical parts in society meetings have been of a high order of excellence, and there has been a decided improvement in the music at chapel exercises. Steps have also been taken towards the publication of a Bates Song Book, and we know of several good songs that have been written for it. With the Class of '97 we lose one who has done much for music at Bates, yet let us hope that, the interest aroused in the past year will suffer no diminution in the coming year.

S the time comes when college students again separate for the vacation, we may well consider our conduct during the summer in relation to our college.

Every student will form new acquaintances; some will have opportunity of association with many people of differing stations in society, and over a wide range of territory, each of whom considers the student as a representative We realize that our of his college. athletic teams are regarded in this light, but do we fully appreciate the fact that the principle applies no less truly to each student? It is almost impossible for a college man to conceal his identity for any length of time, even did he wish to do so, for his thoughts are full of college life, and they find abundant expression.

Every one who has ever heard of a college has instinctively formed some opinion concerning its merits. With this fact in mind, let us honor our Alma Mater through the summer months.

and Interests. Dews College

M. I. C. A. A. MEET.

THE third annual field meet of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held on the new athletic field at Brunswick, June 9th. Bates sent sixteen men-Foss, '97; Pulsifer, '98; Tukey, '98; Bruce, '98; Merrill, '99; Saunders, '99; Elder, 1900; Healey, 1900; Stinchfield, 1900; Richardson, 1900; Robbins, 1900; Griffin, 1900; Rogers, 1900; Willis, 1900; Roberts, 1900; Call, 1900. Bowdoin was represented by a strong team, and easily secured first place, with a score of 71 points; Bates was second, with $24\frac{1}{2}$, and U. of M. and Colby, third and fourth, with a score of 16 and $14\frac{1}{2}$ respectively. One of the most interesting features of the meet from a Bates standpoint, at least, was the winning of the three long runs by Foss. Merrill secured a second place in mile and two-mile runs, and Saunders won a second in hammer throw, and was tied for third in high jump. Below is a summary of events:

Two-mile run—A. W. Foss, Bates; O. C. Merrill, Bates; E. A. Livermore, U. of M. Time, 11m. 13s.

220-yards dash—C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; E. Stanwood, Bowdoin; F. B. Merrill, Bowdoin. Time, 23 3-5.

Pole vault-E. T. Minott, Bowdoin, and W. B. Clarke, Bowdoin, tied for first place. R. F. Chapman, third. Distance, 9 ft. 11 1-4 in.

Shot put—E. R. Godfrey, Bowdoin; A. S. Grover, U. of M.; A. A. French, Bowdoin. Distance, 37ft. 5 in.

Running high jump—R. A. Gibbs, U. of M.; W.O. Stevens, Colby. W. A. Saunders, Bates, and H. P. Merrill, U. of M., tied for third. Distance, 5 ft. 5 1-2 in.

Hammer throw—A. A. French, Bowdoin; W. A. Saunders, Bates; F. P. H. Pike, Colby. Distance, 100 ft. 4 in.

Running broad jump—C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; F. B. Merrill, Bowdoin; J. H. Swain, U. of M.

Half-mile run—Won by A. W. Foss of Bates; C. S. Clement of Colby, second; H. E. Mars-ton of Bowdoin, third. Time, 2m. 9s.

Two-mile bicycle—Won by F. A. Stearns of Bowdoin; W. B. Chase, Colby, second; H. B. Neagle, Bowdoin, third.

100-yards dash—Won by C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; F. M. Rollins, U. of M., second; E. Stanwood, Bowdoin, third. Time, 10 2 5s.

Mile run—Won by A. W. Foss, Bates; O. C. Merrill, Bates, second; J. D. Sinkinson, Bowdoin, third. Time, 5m. 3 2-5s.

120-yards hurdle—Won by C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; E. S. Hadlock, Bowdoin, second; R. Spencer, Colby, third. Time, 17 3-5s.

440-yards dash—Won by G. F. Stetson, Bowdoin; A. S. Merrill, U. of M., second; W. G. Hooke, Colby, third. Time, 56 4-5s.

220-yards hurdle-C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; E. S. Hadlock, Bowdoin, and R. Spencer, Colby, tied for second. Time, 28 2-5s.

COLLEGE FIELD DAY.

INETY-NINE again won the class cup in the annual Field Day cup in the annual Field Day, June 5th. Four records were broken-440-yard dash and two-mile run by Foss, '97, and shot put and hammer throw by Saunders, '99. The whole number of points were divided as follows:

Seniors-33 points. Juniors-29 points. Sophomores-47 points. Freshmen-28 points.

The following are the events and winners:

100-yards dash-Quinn, '99. Time, 11 1-5s. 220-yards dash-Tukey, '98. Time, 26 1-5s. 440-yards dash-Foss, '97. 56s.

Half-mile run-Foss, '97. Time, 2m. 9 2-5s. Mile run-Merrill, '99. Time, 5m. 11s.

Two-mile run-Foss, '97. Time, 11m. 171-5s. 120-yards hurdle-Tukey, '98. 18 4-5s.

220-yards hurdle-Tukey, '98. 29 1-2s.

Pole vault-Frost, '98. Distance, 8 ft. 1-2 in. Putting shot-Saunders, '99. Distance, 34 ft.

Throwing hammer-Saunders, '99. Distance, 95 ft. 4 4-5 in.

Running high jump-Willis, 1900. Distance, 5 ft. 3 3-5 in.

Running broad jump-Elder, 1900. Distance, 19 ft. 10 4-5 in.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

Au revoir, '97.

Miss Files received the prize for Junior essay.

Rumor says that 1901 will be the largest entering class yet.

The Freshmen gladly welcome Miss Mary Smith to their number.

The subject of the Sophomore prize essay was: "What is a Liberal Education?"

The base-ball men have elected Pulsifer, '99, captain, and Wheeler, '99, scorer for the next year.

Professor—"What did the colonists use for small change?" Voice from the class—"Cannon balls."

The Juniors were pleasantly entertained on the evening of Ivy Day by Miss Hall, at her home on Howe Street.

The board of editors of the Latin School Echo are to be congratulated upon the fine appearance of their paper.

The Latin School Union tendered a reception to the literary societies of the college, Saturday evening, June 12th.

The prize offered to the members of the Middle Class of the Latin School for the best essay was awarded to Clarence L. Jordan.

Wright, '97, has been promoted from his position as corporal of the Nealey Rifles to that of 1st lieutenant and quartermaster of the 2d Regiment Infantry, N. G. S. M.

The officers of 1900 for the ensuing year are: President, Robbins; Vice-President, Emerich; Secretary, Miss Sweetser; Treasurer, Packard; Councillors, Robbins, Johnson. The Y. M. C. A. sends seven delegates to the summer conference at Northfield,—Landman, '98; Costello, '98; Sprague, '98; Gray, '99; Richardson, 1900; Manter, 1900; Dunham, 1900.

Tuesday, June 22d, was observed as Ivy Day by the Juniors. The programme was:

MUSIC.-PRAYER.-MUSIC.

Oration.—The Obligations of Educated Men.

F. U. Landman.

Selection.
Poem.
Selection.

Orchestra. Sadie M. Brackett.

Orchestra.

PRESENTATIONS.
CLASS ODE.
PLANTING THE IVY.

Mr. Hawkins, the toast-master, made presentations as follows:

Modestus.—Potato. J. P. Sprague.

Mademoiselle de Paris.—Author's Blanks and
Pencil. Mertie B. Maxim.

Sage.—Volume and Lamp. H. W. Blake.

Choragus.—Baton. Persie L. Morrison. Vox Tenuissima.—Megaphone.

W. S. Parsons.

Matron.—Plan and Rules.

Spectator.—Opera Glasses.

Acht und Neunzig.—Emblem.

Ellen W. Smith.

The Y. W. C. A. sends Miss Weymouth, Miss Tasker, and Miss Farnum of '98, and Miss Roberts and Miss Edgerly of '99, as delegates to the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Northfield this summer.

The class officers of '99 are as follows: President, Wheeler; Vice-President, Pulsifer; Secretary, Miss Lord; Treasurer, Graffam; Orator, Calhoun; Poet, Miss Chase; Toast-Master, Bassett; Odist, Miss Coan; Marshal, Quinn; Councillors, Bassett, Calhoun, Fuller.

At the prize declamations of the

Class of '97, Nichols Latin School, given in the Main Street Church on Friday evening, June 19th, the first prize was awarded to St. John White, and the second to J. E. Wilson. Music was furnished by the Ladies' Glee Club of the college.

The officers who will serve Piæria for the next year are as follows: Griffin, '98, President; Calhoun, '99, Vice-President; Miss Maude Mitchell, 1900, Secretary; Dunham, 1900, Treasurer; Sprague, '98, Miss Rounds, '99, Dennison, 1900, Executive Committee.

Polymmnia has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Toothaker, '98; Vice-President, Wheeler, '99; Secretary, Miss Pearl Small, 1900; Treasurer, Graffam, '99; Executive Committee, Parsons, '98, Miss Blake, '99, Packard, 1900.

Professor Hartshorn's room has been transformed into a thing of beauty. The walls have been replastered and tinted; a polished floor has been laid; a new chair and desk provided; and pictures, '97 trophies, and busts of Shakespeare, Scott, and Milton adorn the walls.

At their meeting on June 4th, the Eurosophians elected the following officers: President, Tukey, '98; Vice-President, Tetley, '99; Secretary, Miss Getchell, 1900; Assistant Secretary, Miss Trask, 1900; Treasurer, Foster, 1900; Executive Committee, Hawkins, '98, Churchill, '99, Miss Summerbell, 1900.

Some of the Seniors have already secured positions as teachers for the next year. Miss Knowles will teach the sciences in the high school at Bristol, Conn.; Burrill is to be principal in the high school at Gorham, N. H.; and Miss Buzzell will teach mathematics and the sciences in the high school at Newton, N. J.

The library has been fortunate in receiving a large number of books the past month. Among the additions are fifty volumes obtained from the proceeds of Mrs. Tryon's lecture, twenty-one volumes presented by the Class of '97, twelve volumes presented by Professor Angell, five volumes presented by Miles Greenwood, Bates, '91, and three volumes presented by Miss Woodman.

At the intercollegiate tennis tournament held at Portland, June 7-10, Bates was represented by Summerbell and Courser, both of 1900. University of Maine sent no representatives. In the singles, Dana and Ives of Bowdoin won first and second places, also first in the doubles. The second place in doubles lay between Bates and Colby, but was not played off on account of rain.

The officers of the Athletic Association for the next year are: President, Costello, '98; Vice-President, Bassett, '99; Secretary, Dennison, 1900; Treasurer, Palmer, '99; Base-Ball Manager, Collins, '98; Foot-Ball Manager, Sprague, '98; Tennis Manager, Conant, '98; Manager of Track Team, Merrill, '99; Directors, Hinkley, '98, Parsons, '98, Churchill, '99, Pulsifer, '99, Richardson, 1900, Willis, 1900.

The honors in '97 were awarded thus: Valedictory, Miss Chase; Salu-

tatory, Milliken; Psychology (first), Miss Knowles; (second), Vining; Ancient Classics (first), Skillings; (second), Miss Sleeper; Modern Languages (first), Miss Andrews; (second), Miss Purington; Mathematics (first), Miss Buzzell; (second), Miss Hanson; Chemistry (first), Miss Roby; (second), Burrill; English Literature (first), Miss Snell; (second), Durkee; Physics (first), Foss; (second), Miss Winn; History and Economics (first), Stanley; (second), Miss James. General Scholarship, Miss Houghton and Miss Merrill.

The Class of '98 elected officers for the Senior year, Thursday, June 24th, as follows: President, Costello; Vice-President, Blake; Secretary, Miss Maxim; Treasurer, Tukey; Chaplain, Landman; Marshal, Hinkley; Councillors, Sprague, Landman, Costello, Tukey; Executive Committee, Toothaker, Miss Perkins, Miss Skillings, Conant, Knowlton. The Class-Day parts are: Oration, Woodside; Poem, Miss Garcelon; Prophecy, Griffin; History, Hawkins; Address to Undergraduates, Parsons; Address to Halls and Campus, Miss Tasker; Parting Address, Miss Sadie Brackett; Ode, True.

By an agreement made by the baseball managers of the four colleges, all games must be played on or before June 12th. Bates and Bowdoin each won and lost three games; University of Maine won three and lost two; Colby won two and lost three. Since the final game between University of Maine and Colby was not played, there could be no disposition of the pennant. The score by innings of our games follows:

On Friday evening, May 21st, we defeated Colby in intercollegiate debate. The contest was held at City Hall and was attended by a large audience. Ex-Mayor Newell presided over the exercises and Hon. Nathan Webb, Rev. J. S. Jenkins, D.D., and Hon. Horace Burbank served as judges. Our opponents made it manifest from the outset that Colby had entered heartily into this work with no intention of taking a second place, the disputants from the two institutions being so evenly matched as to make the debate of exceeding interest to those present. Colby was especially strong in oratory, while the Bates men clearly had the advantage in argumentation.

The members of the Senior Class and the Faculty met Thursday evening, June 10th, for the dedication of Professor Hartshorn's room. The presentation speech was made by Mr. Foss, Class President, and the response by Professor Hartshorn. Mr. Durkee acted as toast-master, and the following toasts were given: Shakespeare, Miss Twort; Milton, Mr. Vining; Scott, Mr. Skillings; '97, Mr. Stanley; Bates, Professor Jordan. Songs were sung, refreshments were served, and a general good time prevailed. One of the songs was as follows:

Tune-"Auld Lang Syne."

Lest 'Ninety-Seven be forgot
And never brought to mind,
That we may keep her mem'ry green,
This room we leave behind.
This room so green, so green, my dear,
To each beloved classmate,
This room so green, so green, my dear,
We meet to dedicate.

'Twas here we dined on cracker lunch,
When Lycidas was dead;
'Twas here in sophomoric days
On old, dry Bain we fed;
In Psyche we've oft, we've oft, my dear,
Begun with awful pair,
And flunked full many a time. May be
We all shall flunk again.

We've laid the floor of maple tough
And shined it well all o'er,
To show we are, though tough at first,
Now polished like the floor.
We've bought a chair that wiggles much
For our English Prof.
Lest when he wiggles back so far
Those chair legs wiggle off.

To 'Ninety-Seven's glory now
This room we dedicate,
And to all who helped in ducking well
The Class of 'Ninety-Eight,
To Ethics and to Psyche so dear,
To Anglo-Saxon lore,
This room so green we dedicate
Henceforth, forevermore.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

UNDAY, June 27th, at 10.30 A.M., President Chase delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. He spoke of the possibility of solving life's problems by the recognition and practical acceptance of the Divine Fatherhood. His text was Luke 2:49—"Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business."

In the evening Rev. E. R. Purdy of Portland gave a very helpful address before the two Christian Associations.

CHAMPION DEBATE.

Monday, June 28th, at 2.30 P.M., occurred the annual Sophomore Debate. The question and participants are as follows:

Does the government of the United States more truly represent the wishes of the people than the English government does?

Affirmative—Lettice B. Albee, Oscar C. Merrill, Lora V. King.

Negative—Charles S. Calhoun, Fred E. Pomeroy, Blanche M. Whittum, Edward B. Foster.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The Junior Exhibition was held in the evening at 7.45. The following is the programme:

MUSIC-PRAYER-MUSIC.

Building a Man. Frank Pearson.
The Leaders Lead. William S. Parsons.
Abraham Lincoln and the Rights of Man.
Tileston E. Woodside.

Theston E. Woodsic

American Municipal Government.

John P. Sprague.

MUSIC.

The American Spirit. Louis B. Costello. Woman in the Professions. Julia F. Leader. Responsibilities of Citizenship.

Ansel A. Knowlton.
Individualism.
Adah M. Tasker.
MUSIC.

The Broader Freedom.

Success and Failure.

Intellectual Aristocracy.

Sympathy Inspires.

Thomas S. Bruce.

Florence S. Farnum.

Emma Skillings.

Sadie M. Brackett.

MIISTO

CLASS DAY.

Tuesday, June 29th, was Class Day. The order of exercises follows:

Oration—On Life.

Class History.

Class Prophecies.

Address to Undergraduates.

Address to Halls and Campus.

Poem.

Parting Address.

J. A. Marr.

R. B. Stanley.

Miss D. M. Twort.

J. S. Durkee.

W. P. Vining.

Miss S. Merrill.

Parting Address.

Miss Nellie A. Houghton.

SINGING CLASS ODE. PIPE OF PEACE.

CONCERT.

In the concert which was given Tuesday evening at Main Street Church, a pleasant feature was introduced, that of securing the talent from the college. The two Glee Clubs, the Orchestra, several vocal and instrumental soloists, and a reader, combined to give a high-grade entertainment.

SOPHOMORE TEAM DEBATE.

Wednesday, June 30th, at 10 A.M., occurred the Sophomore Team Debate for the Drew prize.

Is it desirable for the United States to annex Hawaii?

Affirmative—A. C. Wheeler, G. A. F. Hutchins, E. S. Palmer.

Negative-F. P. Wagg, H. C. Churchill, H. C. Small.

ALUMNI EXERCISES.

The literary exercises of the alumni were held in the Main Street Church, Wednesday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. The programme included an oration by Rev. W. H. Bolster, D.D., '69, pastor of Harvard Congregational Church, Boston, Mass., on "The Man and His Ideal," and a poem by Clarence A.

Chase, '84, of Auburn. These exercises were followed by a reception given by the Alumnæ Club in the vestry.

COMMENCEMENT

THURSDAY, AT 10 A.M.

Salutatory.—Social Efficiency a True Test of
Worth. Carl Elias Milliken.
Ich Dien. Richard Balkam Stanley.

(History and Economics--First Honor.)

Crystals. *Susan Merrill.

(General Scholarship.)

Al Horan. Stella James. (Physics—Second Honor.)

Work, the Universal Ordinance.

* Winnifred Sarah Sleeper.

(Ancient Languages-Second Honor.)

What Shall Women Study?

Charlotte Mary Hanson.

(Mathematics—Second Honor.)

The Benefits Derived from a Study of Nature.

*Mabel Weston Winn.

(History and Economics-Second Honor.)

Democracy and Education. Everett Skillings. (Ancient Languages—First Honor.)

German Normal Schools.

* Margaret Fanning Knowles. (Psychology—First Honor.)

Truth-Marking. Eva Blanche Roby. (Chemistry—First Honor.)

Equality of Men. Walter Perley Vining. (Psychology—Second Honor.)

Morality in Words. Clara Anna Snell.

(English Language and Literature—First
Honor.)

Chemistry: Its Problems and Uses.

* Fred Wilson Burrill.

(Chemistry—Second Honor.)

"The Moaning of the Homeless Sea."

James Stanley Durkee.
(English Language and Literature—Second
Honor.)

Winner, but Loser.

* Frances Elizabeth Purington.

(Modern Languages-Second Honor.)

Iconoclasm and Religious Progress.

Mabel Caroline Andrews.

(Modern Languages-First Honor.)

The Future of American Literature.

* Mary Buzzell.

(Mathematics-First Honor.)

Sonnet Literature. Nellie Agnes Houghton. (General Scholarship.) The Future of Africa. Alvin Warren Foss. (Physics—First Honor.)

Valedictory.—The Melancholy of Hawthorne and George Eliot. Emma Vivien Chase.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

* Excused.

Commencement Dinner in Gymnasium at 2 P.M.

Promenade Concert and Illumination of Grounds at 8 P.M. on college campus.

Friday, July 2d, at 8 P.M., reception to the graduating class and their friends by President and Mrs. Chase.

STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF '97.

Andrews, Mabel Caroline; residence, Wilmot Flat, N. H.; fitting school, High School, Concord, N. H.; intended occupation, ministry.

Bailey, Adelbert Wesley; residence, Lewiston; fitting school, High School, Bath; intended occupation, undecided.

Barrell, Charles Martin; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, undecided.

Brackett, Percy Wentworth; residence, Detroit, Me.; fitting school, Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield; intended occupation, medicine.

Burrill, Fred Wilson; residence, Corrina, Me.; fitting school, Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield; intended occupation, medicine.

Buzzell, Mary; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, High School, Rochester, N. H.; intended occupation, teaching.

Chase, Emma Vivian; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, High School, Lewiston; intended occupation, teaching.

Childs, Herman Andrew; residence, Lewiston, Me.; intended occupation, ministry.

Cobb, Caroline Lillian; residence, Ashburnham, Mass; fitting school, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham; intended occupation, teaching.

Cunningham, Edward Freeman; residence, Edgecomb, Me.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, teaching.

Durkee, James Stanley; residence, Yarmouth, N. S.; fitting school, Batavia Academy, N. Y.; intended occupation, ministry.

Foss, Alvin Warren; residence, East Ray-

mond, Me.; fitting school, Bridgton Academy; intended occupation, medicine.

Hanscom, Alpheus Claybert; residence, Lebanon, Me.; fitting school, Latin School; intended occupation, undecided.

Hanson, Charlotte Mary; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitting school, Edward Little High School, Auburn; intended occupation, undecided.

Hewins, Mary Annette; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, teaching.

Houghton, Nellie Agnes; residence, Auburn, Me.; fitting school, Edward Little High School, Auburn; intended occupation, teaching.

Hubbard, Allen Lewis; residence, North Limington, Me.; fitting school, Limington Academy; intended occupation, law.

James, Stella; residence, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.; fitting school, Storer College; intended occupation, medicine.

Knowles, Margaret Fanning; residence, Lubec, Me.; fitting school, Wilton Academy; intended occupation, teaching.

Marr, James Archibald; residence, Westerly, R. I.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, undecided.

Merrill, Susan; residence, Brownville, Me.; fitting school, Foxcroft Academy; intended occupation, undecided.

Michels, Nellie Belle; residence, Brunswick, Me.; fitting school, Brunswick High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Milliken, Carl Elias; residence, Augusta; fitting school, Cony High School, Augusta; intended occupation, undecided.

Palmer, Herbert Lorenzo; residence, Charleston, Me.; fitting school, Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston; intended occupation, undecided.

Parker, Horatio Perkins; residence, Greene Corner, Me.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, undecided.

Porter, Blanche; residence, Westbrook, Me.; fitting school, Westbrook High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Purington, Francis Elizabeth; residence, West Bowdoin, Me.; fitting school, Cony High School, Augusta; intended occupation, teaching.

Roby, Eva Blanche; residence, South Sutton, N. H.; fitting school, New Hampton Literary Institution; intended occupation, teaching.

Sampson, Arthur Laforest; residence, Farm-

ington, Me.; fitting school, Farmington High School; intended occupation, journalism.

Skillings, Everett; residence, Portland, Me.; fitting school, Portland High School; intended occupation, ministry.

Slattery, John Francis; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Sleeper, Winifred Sarah; residence, Sabatis, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Smith, Ivy Houston; residence, Gray Corner, Me.; fitting school, Pennell Institute, Gray; intended occupation, missionary.

Snell, Clara Anna; residence, Winthrop, Me.; fitting school, Winthrop High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Stanley, Richard Balkam; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, law.

Tobien, Arthur Patten Davis; residence, Templeton, Mass.; fitting school, Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass.; intended occupation, teaching.

Twort, Daisy May; residence, Lynn, Mass.; fitting school, Lynn High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Vickery, Maud Alice; residence, East Machias; fitting school, Washington Academy, East Machias; intended occupation, teaching.

Vining, Walter Perley; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Lewiston High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Winn, Mabel Weston; residence, Cumberland Center; fitting school, Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center; intended occupation, teaching.

Wright, Charles Otis; residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; intended occupation, ministry.

ALUMPI DEPARTMENT.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Editor of Alumni Department:

In response to your request I take great pleasure in expressing a few thoughts that impress themselves upon me most strongly concerning the "Work of the Literary Society at Bates and its Significance to the College."

I was pleased to learn from the last number of the STUDENT of the formation of the new society. For its success and prosperity all alumni will join in good wishes. That need was felt for this organization is indicative that the vitality and earnestness which have characterized the literary society of the past have not abated, and if the gratifying reports of the work itself are to be credited, it appears that in this, also, the societies are not only reaching the previous standard, but

are attaining each year a still higher degree of excellence.

Why the literary society at Bates holds the unique and important position which it unquestionably does is to be accounted for on a rational basis; simply that of supply and demand. The college has need for just that which the literary society has to give. What this need is and how the society can meet it are two questions that it may not be unprofitable for us briefly to consider.

The aim of every good college may be regarded as threefold: to bestow broad culture, to stimulate and develop mental powers, and to give some degree of mastery in the use of both knowledge and faculties. In the meeting of each of these aims it is not difficult to see that the literary society is an im-

portant and indispensable auxiliary. In the university this is not the case because of the different scope of the work. The purpose of the university is to give to each student special and professional training in the particular department in which he has chosen his life work. Thus, as it is here at Cornell, instead of the general literary societies, each department has its own technical associations devoted exclusively to the consideration of some one particular subject. In its place this is well, except in its effect upon those who are unfortunate enough to be obliged to seek college training from a university curriculum.

The foundation for the superstructure of the business world or the professional school should be laid in the college, and in that foundation, as we have said, breadth of culture is a first essential. To give this, the prescribed work of the class room is of itself inadequate.

In the weekly programmes of the society the student will be introduced to subjects that might not otherwise come to his attention, and his mind will be turned into new fields of thought and investigation. Moreover, if he be called upon to present some phase of a subject with which he is already familiar, the stimulus of an audience of his equals and superiors will drive him into freshness of research and originality of presentation. The result, it is true, will be superficial; it will be a skimming over a vast number of subjects, but it is just this that is needed. Old questions will be seen in new lights. Students are brought together from all classes and from every diversity of interest, talent, and taste. Such organizations as Polymnia and Eurosophia are but "joint-stock associations." Each member adds a share to the general wealth, receiving in return good dividends from the productiveness of the common intellectual life of the whole.

It may be urged that the faithful student, realizing that he needs much more for full mental equipment than the best prescribed line of study alone can give him, will of himself seek to supplement this by wise reading and helpful interchange of thought with fellow-students. On this private culture the scholar must, of course, always largely depend, but even this is greatly aided by his literary society, which will not only make that reading purposeful and the obligation to produce at an appointed time something as the result of that reading-a spur to exertion-but he will find, moreover, that he is guided in the choice of that reading. My attention has been called to this very point here this week in observing the number who have been doing "incidental reading" of Lanier and Kipling as a result of mention that has been made of them in one of our associations recently.

The help, however, which the society becomes in enlarging one's range of thought and information is not all. It is an important means of mental development. It was from schools of disputation, of which our debate is but a copy in miniature, that the Greek mind was produced, to which we still look for models in mental attainment.

Discussion,—the throwing of the mind back on its own resources, the forcing it to search into the crannies of its chambers for vital answers,—this sharpening of intellect upon intellect, is not this now as then a permanent factor in intellectual growth? It still clears mental cobwebs and gives quickened intellectual life.

Here, also, is afforded opportunity for correcting illogical mental processes, biased and narrow habits of thought, and false estimates. The influence of these weekly meetings is, moreover, refining, and the social advantage of association with congenial friends is educating in itself and will be a source of pleasant memories always to be cherished.

But most of all does the literary society supplement the other work of the college by affording an easy oppor tunity for the exercise of faculties which the studies of the class-room have newly awakened and for testing their real power, as well as the trustworthiness of the impressions that have been received. The day of the recluse is passed. Knowledge gained and mental discipline are of little value if their possessor have not the ability to put them to use. It may be that the world does not now seek so much the eloquence of a few great orators, but what it does do as never before is to demand from every man and woman who desires recognition in any of its spheres the ability to express with ease and clearness what he may know. Each must be willing to bring whatever gifts and attainments he may possess to the common use of all.

The secret of the success which is often attained by the "self-made man" is said to lie not in the fact that he has less with which to do, but because he has completest mastery over his mental faculties. "His intellectual arsenal is less liberally furnished, but he has perfect familiarity with all its weapons."

No opportunity, after leaving college, will furnish the student a better chance of testing his steel and taking his aim. He can better afford, here in the college days, to risk the random shots that may miss the mark than in the real conflict of life, where failure may mean defeat.

GRACE PATTEN CONANT.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y., March 5, 1897.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

ond member of its class. John Quincy Adams has joined his brother *Morius* among the silent majority. He died at Guilford, N. H., where he was pastor, on April 16th, after a very severe illness.

He was born in Bowdoinham, Me., January 10, 1848. Converted when nineteen, he felt a strong conviction of duty to preach the gospel, but he did not leave his father's farm until twenty-two years of age. Then, with a determination to prepare for the ministry, he went to Nichols Latin School. He graduated from Bates in 1878, and from the Divinity School in 1881. His classmates knew him as a kind, earnest man, who could not be swerved from the course he had marked out. He was a faithful, plodding student, who

foresaw what advantage the discipline would be to him in his chosen life-work. He never forgot the object for which he was seeking an education. With respect for his teachers and honesty in all his dealings, his was a record of "honor." Thus the student, with manhood developed and mind cultivated, became in turn the teacher of men.

At graduation he became pastor of the Free Baptist Church at South Parsonsfield, and August 10, 1881, he was married to Miss Minnie L. Jones of Lewiston, who with two children survives him. During this first pastorate of three years he labored faithfully, helping to repair the house of worship, and leaving a united and stronger church. After this, owing to the illness of his wife, he resided in Lewiston, supplying for a year the church at Kennebunk. His own health was not always good, but in 1885 he assumed the pastorate of the church at West Buxton, which he served about four years. His next pastorate began in Guilford, N. H., in 1893, where death came to him in the midst of pleasant labors.

His work as a minister was not less true and earnest than as a student. His people always found him a kind friend, a wise counselor, and a sympathetic pastor. He was a plain and earnest preacher of the gospel, making no apologies for sin, but holding the standards of life high as he had learned regarding them. To say that the works of such a man will live after him for the world's good, is but expressing an evident truth. One, who knew him as a class-mate, room-mate, and fellow-

worker in the ministry, and learned to respect his sterling character, gladly gives these words of appreciation.

F. D. GEORGE.

ALEXANDER BENJAMIN McWILL-IAMS.

N August 13, 1896, Alexander Benjamin McWilliams died from heart failure while bathing at Crescent Beach.

Mr. McWilliams was of a modest and retiring disposition, never thrusting himself upon the attention of others or seeking advancement by any means save honest and faithful endeavor to render real and helpful service. He was born at Quebec, P. Q., July 1, 1862.He prepared for college at the Latin School, entered Bates in 1883 and graduated in 1887, meanwhile teaching fourteen sessions in the Lewiston evening schools. He made a manly struggle for his education, being dependent upon his own efforts. He was employed during his summer vacations at hotels in the mountains and at other summer resorts.

In August, 1888, he accepted the mail agency on the line of the Portland & Rumford Falls Railway. Subsequently he became superintendent of the carrier service of the Lewiston post-office. In August, 1889, he was married to Miss Emma Amanda Park of Canton, Me. This union was blessed with two children, both daughters. The elder of the two, as the first child of a member of '87, received from the class a silver cup.

In 1891 Mr. McWilliams was elected a member of the Lewiston School Board. He had long cherished the hope of entering the medical profession, and it was with great reluctance that, in compliance with the advice of his physician, he turned from the study of medicine to seek out-of-door employment. His wife and one child survive him.

PERSONALS.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford is expected home from his foreign travels in July.

'77.—Rev. J. A. Chase delivered one of the principal addresses at the Maine Unitarian Conference, recently held at Belfast.

'79.—E. A. McCollister, M.D., has removed from Gray, and opened an office in Lewiston.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee is soon to publish a "Beginners' Greek Book."

'82.—F. L. Blanchard has recently published in *Harper's Weekly* a very interesting illustrated article on "The City of Buffalo as a Manufacturing Center."

'82.—Miss E. B. Forbes is lecturing in the interests of the Christian Union.

'87.—Rev. E. C. Hayes has so far recovered his health that he intends soon to begin active work in the ministry.

'87.—H. E. Cushman is to receive the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the department of Philosophy at Harvard this year.

'88.—W. L. Powers is Vice-President of the Maine Schoolmasters' Club.

'89.—Rev. Blanche A. Wright of Livermore Falls, delivered an address at the convention of Maine Universalists, at Rockland, June 7–10, on "How to Interest the Uninterested."

'89.—Dr. E. L. Stevens has been recently visiting in Lewiston.

'90.—W. F. Garcelon has been coaching the Bowdoin College track team during the spring.

'90.—H. V. Neal has returned from his studies at Naples, Italy. He intends to engage in college work next year.

'91.—Rev. W. L. Nickerson is pastor of the F. B. Church at Rockland.

'91.—W. B. Watson was recently married to Miss Pinkham of Auburn. He is city editor of the *Portland Express*.

'92.—R. A. Small receives this year the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard. For next year he is to be a member of the Faculty of Brown University, with the title of Instructor. He is to teach Argumentation and Anglo-Saxon.

'92.—C. N. Blanchard delivered the Memorial Day address at New Sharon.

'93.—A. B. Libby is at the Maine Medical School.

'93.—W. C. Marden is practicing medicine at Pittsfield.

'93.—G. M. Chase has resigned his position in Fairmount College, and will enter Cobb Divinity School next fall.

'93.—Miss G. P. Conant has recently received a \$300 prize in the department of English at Cornell. This prize carries with it some duties as an instructor.

'93.—R. A. Sturges is a member of the Columbia Law School Quartette.

'94.—E. J. Hatch is pastor of the F. B. Church at Wheelock, Vt.

'96.—The law firm at Manchester, N. H., with which A. L. Kavanaugh is studying, is soon to remove to Lewiston.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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F. U. LANDMAN	Rhetoric and Elocution.
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REV MARTYN SUMMERBELL, D.D., PH.D., Instructor in Church History.

ERNEST EARLE OSGOOD, A.M.,

Instructor in Oratory.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger Williams Hall, a new and beautiful building, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Lutin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

THE BIBLICAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

This school was established by vote of the Trustees, June 27, 1894, to provide for the needs of students not qualified to enter the Divinity School. Its students have equal privileges in the building, libraries, lectures, and advantages already described. Its classes, however, are totally distinct from those of the Divinity School, the students uniting only in common chapel exercises and common prayer-meetings.

This department was opened September 10, 1895. The course of study is designed to be of practical value to Sunday-school superintendents, Bible class teachers, evangelists, and intelligent Christians generally, as well as to persons who contemplate the ministry.

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